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HOW TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Fugitive Daniel Berrigan Calls for an End to Business as Usual

PAUL E. SIGMUND *on elections in Chile*
JEREMY STONE *on Cambodia's aftermath*
JOE HILL *on labor and national politicking*
LINCOLN GORDON *on policies in Brazil*

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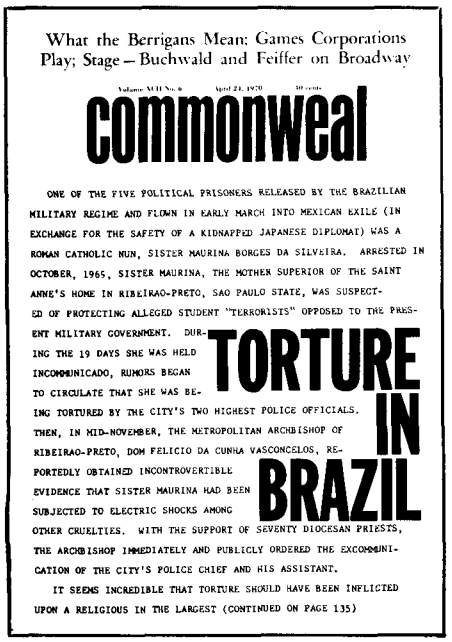

What the Berrigans Mean; Games Corporations Play; Stage – Buchwald and Feiffer on Broadway

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ONE OF THE FIVE POLITICAL PRISONERS RELEASED BY THE BRAZILIAN MILITARY REGIME AND FLOWN IN EARLY MARCH INTO MEXICAN EXILE (IN EXCHANGE FOR THE SAFETY OF A KIDNAPPED JAPANESE DIPLOMAT) WAS A ROMAN CATHOLIC NUN, SISTER MAURINA BORGES DA SILVEIRA. ARRESTED IN OCTOBER, 1965, SISTER MAURINA, THE MOTHER SUPERIOR OF THE SAINT ANNE'S HOME IN RIBEIRAO-PRETO, SAO PAULO STATE, WAS SUSPECTED OF PROTECTING ALLEGED STUDENT "TERRORISTS" OPPOSED TO THE PRESENT MILITARY GOVERNMENT. DURING THE 19 DAYS SHE WAS HELD INCOMMUNICADO, RUMORS BEGAN TO CIRCULATE THAT SHE WAS BEING TORTURED BY THE CITY'S TWO HIGHEST POLICE OFFICIALS. THEN, IN MID-NOVEMBER, THE METROPOLITAN ARCHBISHOP OF RIBEIRAO-PRETO, DOM FELICIO DA CUNHA VASCONCELOS, REPORTEDLY OBTAINED INCONTROVERTIBLE EVIDENCE THAT SISTER MAURINA HAD BEEN SUBJECTED TO ELECTRIC SHOCKS AMONG OTHER CRUELTIES. WITH THE SUPPORT OF SEVENTY DIOCESAN PRIESTS, THE ARCHBISHOP IMMEDIATELY AND PUBLICLY ORDERED THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE CITY'S POLICE CHIEF AND HIS ASSISTANT.

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT TORTURE SHOULD HAVE BEEN INFLICTED UPON A RELIGIOUS IN THE LARGEST (CONTINUED ON PAGE 135)

TORTURE IN BRAZIL

AN EXCHANGE OF VIEWS

'Torture in Brazil'

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors: Ralph della Cava, in his article on "Torture in Brazil" [April 24], charges me with being the "architect" of an alleged U.S. Government policy of complicity with torture and fascist militarization in Brazil. There is nothing in the historical record or in my own attitudes to justify this charge.

Mr. della Cava himself indicates (page 136) that most observers date the frequent use of torture as an instrument of repression in Brazil from December, 1968. My assignment as Ambassador to Brazil ended in early 1966, and my participation as Assistant Secretary of State in official American policy-making toward Latin America ended in June, 1967.

The only subsequent occasion when my advice was sought by the U.S. Government was in December, 1968, when the outgoing Johnson Administration was considering its reaction to the Fifth Institutional Act promulgated by then Brazilian President Costa e Silva. I considered that Act an unnecessary and arbitrary reversal of the Brazilian Government's announced intention to restore full constitutional processes. I recommended that the outgoing U.S. Administration not carry out aid allocations or other actions which could be construed as an endorsement of the Fifth Institutional Act or of arbitrary Brazilian measures taken under its color. Since late 1968, I have not been asked to advise on policy toward Latin America in general or Brazil in particular.

During the period before mid-1967, no cases of torture were brought to my attention. I would have condemned them if they had been. In the spring of 1969, I joined publicly with other academic specialists on Latin America in a telegram to Costa e Silva, protesting against arbitrary actions against professors, students, and others.

Reverting to the events of April 1964, the published hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee (February, 1966) set forth at length why I welcomed the ouster of Goulart. It was basically because all the evidence pointed to his intention to replace the 1946 Constitution by a populist dictatorship in the mold of Vargas in Brazil in the 1930's or Peron in Argentina in the 1940's. My influence was exerted before the 1964 coup toward strengthening the constitutional framework and toward preventing anti-Americanism from becoming an issue in the Brazilian domestic political crisis. After the coup it was exerted, with some apparent success in the early stages, toward the restoration of traditional constitutional liberties and practices.

The telegram sent on April 2 by President Johnson on my recommendation was not to the "new regime," but to the civilian Ranieri Mazzilli, Speaker of the lower House and next in line as interim President under the 1946 Constitution. Mazzilli had been sworn in by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court after Goulart's flight from Brasilia and the formal declaration of a vacancy in the Presidency by the President of the Senate. The message was designed to emphasize the importance of the Brazilian Congress as the embodiment of constitutional legitimacy.

It was a full week later, on April 9, that the power of the "hardliners" was demonstrated through the promulgation by the three military ministers of the first so-called "Institutional Act." That measure claimed a legitimate revolutionary right to alter the Constitution and assumed arbitrary powers for a two-month period for the cancellation of political rights of individuals, including members of Congress.

I considered this measure a monstrous departure from basic democratic principle, and gave some thought to a symbolic withdrawal to Washington. I decided against such action (a) because by then it was clear that Castello Branco would soon be elected by Congress to fill out the rest of the original Quadros presidential term (this action being consistent with the 1946 Constitution), and he was known to be a moderate and constitutionalist, and (b) because there was no indication that a symbolic withdrawal would constructively influence the course of events. During the next few weeks, I urged the Justice Minister to establish some kind of equitable procedure for individual cases under the Institutional Act and urged on President Castello Branco the absolute minimum use of its arbitrary authority.

In fact, the Act was applied only against a few hundred individuals during its original sixty-day term. Thereafter, from June, 1964 until October, 1965, the press was entirely free, the Congress was functioning without rubber-stamping governmental proposals, preparations were under way for genuine popular elections of governors in eleven states and for many local officials, and the general atmosphere was not one of repression. Most of the

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purges referred to by Mr. della Cava occurred much later, after I had left Brazil.

Finally, Mr. della Cava attributes to me *in quotation marks* a phrase which I do not recognize at all. Perhaps it is a garbled version of my speech to the Brazilian National War College on May 5, 1964. I mentioned four developments during the previous year encouraging to the cause of freedom in the world: the Sino-Soviet dispute; large-scale Soviet wheat purchases; the successful presidential elections in Venezuela; the Brazilian revolution. I said that the Brazilian revolution was probably the most important of these four—an event which "may well take its place alongside the initiation of the Marshall Plan, the ending of the Berlin blockade, the defeat of Communist aggression in Korea, and the solution of the Cuban-missile base crisis as one of the critical points of inflection in mid-twentieth century world history."

Subsequent history has obviously not borne out that statement in any positive sense. From the negative point of view, I then believed (and still believe) that had Goulart succeeded in becoming a populist dictator, he would have been pushed aside promptly by one of his more able and more radical allies, as General Naguib had been displaced in Egypt by Colonel Nasser. There were several candidates who openly spoke of themselves as would-be "Fidel Castros" of Brazil. Given the size and location of Brazil, such a course of events—evidently hypothetical, but not implausible—might have made all of South America an area of left-wing totalitarian regimes.

Since moving to Baltimore in mid-1967, I have not followed events in Brazil closely. As I have written elsewhere, I consider my greatest failure as Ambassador my inability in 1965 and 1966 to persuade President Castello Branco to undertake the building of a new kind of political infra-structure, for which he had an unrivaled opportunity. The recent depressing cycle of growing urban terrorism and arbitrary

(*Continued on page 398*)

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TAKING FR. BERRIGAN SERIOUSLY

A quarter of a century has passed since the United States dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. To save American lives. On the anniversaries of those two shameful days American planes will most likely be dropping bombs on Asians. Again, to save American lives.

Twenty-five years ago, *Commonweal* wrote:

"For our war, for our purposes, to save American lives we have reached the point where we say that anything goes. That is what the Germans said at the beginning of the war."

What can we write today?

America has learned to live with the bomb, and at most to worry, only occasionally, if we are spending too much on its care and feeding. Will America learn to live with its Asian wars, its garrisons semi-permanently posted around the edges of the empire? There will be some limits to the enterprise, of course: "costs" must be kept to such-and-such number of American lives and an unspecified number of Oriental human beings; the President can only invade neutral countries for up to 60 days without consulting Congress; puppet governments interested in bombing raids on neighboring territories must apply to the Pentagon at least two weeks in advance; all massacres should be reported promptly. After that, no questions answered.

There are a sizable number of Americans who are not resigned to this destiny for the country they love. They are the troublemakers who continue to spread the rumor that there is a war being waged by the United States in Southeast Asia and that this war is horrible, futile, and unjust.

These foolhardy souls are loosely associated in what is called the "peace movement," though *movements* might be a more accurate term, since aims and methods vary widely. Between now and November, the peace movement will be the subject of much speculation and the object of much advice. The fire lit by the Cambodian invasion smolders and promises to flare up with the opening of the school year and the Congressional elections. The direction of the movement remains undetermined, however, at the same time that the combination of Mr. Agnew and the hard hats has provoked fears of "backlash."

Some advice is obvious, e.g., defiling the American flag or offending people's sexual proprieties is not the best opening gambit for persuading

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them to oppose the war. On the other hand, the problem of backlash is complicated by the fact that the peace movement aims not only to persuade but also to resist, that is, to refuse acts of complicity with a war process it holds immoral. It has thus been involved in counseling conscientious objectors, draft resistance, tax strikes, and aid for deserters. Having already been compelled by conviction to hand such hostages to the custodians of traditional patriotic sentiment, the antiwar activists are aware that the question of backlash is in large measure out of their hands. When the Vice President makes political mileage out of attacking NBC, CBS, the New York *Times,* Averell Harriman and Senator Mansfield, clearly there are limits to what may be gained by going "respectable." The only really safe thing to do is nothing—which is the most unthinkable course of all. Faced with the awfulness of the war, one does what one can.

Which brings us to the matter of Daniel Berrigan.

There are various ways of not taking Daniel Berrigan seriously. The easiest is to dismiss him, his brother and the other destroyers of draft files at Baltimore, Catonsville, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, as "kooks" or "romantics." Their actions presumably spring from some personality defect that separates them from the run of commonsensical men: egomania, a terrible naiveté, a psychotic sense of guilt, take your pick. Besides the fruitlessness of such an analysis which depends on facts which can never really be known, what is known about the Berrigans, unfortunately for the theory, is that they are exceptional individuals with a sense of humanity, irony and modesty about what they are doing which distinguishes them not only from many others who claim the title "revolutionary" but also from most of the "commonsensical" men who rule us.

There is, however, another, more sophisticated way of not taking Daniel Berrigan seriously. Which is to follow his exploits vicariously while avoiding one's own responsibilities, to nod admiringly at his words, and then to return him to that corner niche conveniently reserved for plaster saints. If the FBI were smarter than it is, it would not capture Father Berrigan, it would canonize him. There is no other weapon so lethal.

Father Berrigan is far too significant a figure to be dismissed in either of these ways without risking great loss. He, and his brother Philip, are calling for a moral revolution, a regeneration that is based on the personal conversion of individuals through acts which break them off from established powers of the world and which link them, through suffering and the fate of being outcast, with the poor and the oppressed. Now that message is not exactly "political," as we have come to understand politics in the age when ideologies are supposedly outdated. The Berrigans' message is sometimes mysterious, incomplete, paradoxical; and we confess to suffering something of a "metaphor gap" with Daniel Berrigan when he writes of future political change as putting on a "new garment," creating "a new mankind." Their message, to the scandalizing of some and the embarrassment of many, is however very much the message of the Gospel; and the problems they present, mystery and metaphors and all, are precisely the problems the Gospel presents.

We do not want to dismiss Daniel Berrigan, nor to canonize him, nor to co-opt him. We wish to respond to him from our own position, agreeing and disagreeing, hoping that the dialogue may prove useful to the antiwar movement and the church.

1. The war in Vietnam is not merely a mistaken policy or an error in judgment, but a crime. At the time of the Dreyfus affair, Charles Péguy wrote that the struggle was not only over the fate of a man but over the soul of France; he did not want to see his nation exist in a "state of mortal sin." Everyday politics, it has always seemed to us, cannot be conducted in specifically religious terms without risking religious wars; but whatever theologians may be doing with the category of mortal sin these days, the force of Péguy's remark applies to the American war in Vietnam. The appropriateness of civil disobedience and dramatic protest actions must be judged accordingly.

2. Moderate liberalism, is not *enough*. Even to resolve the basic problems of housing and environmental control, which the Nixon Administration has put on the agenda, let alone perform the radical alteration needed in America's outlook toward its own and the world's poor, or to fulfill the promises implied in our affluence, the country will have to go beyond what are currently offered as liberal measures.

3. Those planning to bring about profound change in this society had best prepare themselves for the long-haul; open themselves to suffering; strip themselves of illusions; arm themselves with hope.

4. By no means are all of America's institutions corrupted beyond repair. Our notions of constitutional government, of civil liberties and due process, of human dignity and equality, and even the faulty judicial and governing bodies which serve these notions, remain among some of most precious gains of recent centuries. No social regeneration can escape the past, can begin with a *tabula rasa;* and these institutions will be the kernel of whatever regeneration America is capable of.

5. Repression in America is neither an accomplished fact nor inevitable. It is not worth compromising away all one's principles to avoid repression; it is worth *some* compromises. Conspiracies and sects flourish in a state of repression; widespread moral regeneration has a much better chance under the sign of moderate liberalism. It is not true that repression is the night before the dawn. After Nazism, one gets, not Utopia, but East and West Germany.

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THE FIGHT TO SAVE FACE

In Southeast Asia, America is now fighting to save face. Both rhetoric and policy support this embarrassing conclusion. In his November 3rd speech, President Nixon put it this way: our "defeat and humiliation" would without question "promote recklessness" in the councils of those powers who have not yet abandoned world conquest. Ultimately, this would cost more lives, he argued.

In his April 21 speech, President Nixon noted that the forcible imposition of a Communist government would mean "humiliation and defeat" for the United States which "we cannot and will not accept."

On April 30, he noted that it was not our power but our "will and character" that was being tested; he warned against the consequences of being "found wanting" and becoming a "second-rate power" by suffering our first defeat in our "proud 190-year history."

American ambivalence in the Cambodian affair shows that this is not simply rhetoric. There are abundant indications that the President acted to show personal and national strength and forcefulness. According to a *New York Times* recapitulation, he confided to a senior adviser "this is a risk but this is the kind of thing I have been waiting for."

Hugh Sidney in *Life* magazine reported that Mr. Nixon had read Farago's biography of General Patton, and had seen the movie *Patton* on April 4, and again on April 25—while pondering the announcement of the invasion five days hence. Secretary Rogers called him a "walking ad" for the movie and Presidential assistant Robert Haldeman advised young White House staff members to see the movie for a better understanding of Nixon at this time.

Neither the movie nor the book shows much to admire in Patton except his abhorrence of defeat and his daring. Otherwise, Patton was a somewhat batty romantic who believed in his own reincarnation over the ages. Invariably in hot water for his inability to keep his mouth shut, alternatively boastful and abject, he was a publicity-seeker who, in the movie, lost American lives unnecessarily to beat General Montgomery to Palermo. Highly apolitical, and in love with war, he lobbied for a medal for himself. At the end of World War II, he actually proposed to SHAPE headquarters that he be permitted to provoke a war with the Russians so as to push them out of Central Europe.

The Cambodian invasion seems to have been designed to show maximum forcefulness at minimum risk of humiliation. It was a sneak attack on history. In effect, the President had a sure thing if he chose to measure success by raids on sanctuaries—sanctuaries whose occupants were already departing for safer territory. At the same time, without committing himself to do so, he could try to save the Lon Nol government, and boast of success if the raids worked.

Present American indecisiveness in responding to Cambodian requests for aid reflects this same calculation of "face." If we knew we could save Lon Nol, we would do it and use his now suppressed—but easily evoked—calls for help as justification. (For example, on June 30, a CBS documentary revealed the Cambodian Foreign Minister saying he would "wish" that U.S. troops "stay on" in Cambodia.) But lacking any certainty that Lon Nol can survive, we are reluctant to commit ourselves to support him—and we constantly refer to the neutrality that we earlier denied when we invaded Cambodian territory.

The tendency to fight for face is encouraged by an erosion of credibility of the former three rationales for involvement. We used to talk of world interests ("war to end all wars"), of our direct self-interest ("stop them before they hit the beaches of California"), and of the interest of Southeast Asians (a "brave free people" in South Vietnam and the domino theory).

It is hard for the President to talk today of a "war to end all wars" when he is talking about the Middle East as the "real" danger. The plausibility of the threat to California has worn thin. The South Vietnamese look neither brave nor free; it is even getting harder for us to talk of the importance of saving 17 million persons in South Vietnam from Communism if we are not willing to try to save 7 million from the same thing in Cambodia.

The domino theory has run up against a long history of disinterest by the presumably threatened Southeast Asians. And we are unwilling to commit ourselves to the dominoes that *are* falling—Laos and Cambodia. Indeed, the domino theory itself has come to be interpreted in terms of American face. Why else should the President argue, as he did on July 2, that a Communist victory that resulted from a free election would not have so great a "domino effect"? *We* may be hung up on free elections but Vietnam's neighbors—to the extent they care—presumably want to know who is going to run Vietnam.

Another important reason why face predominates in rhetoric is the absence of a commitment. Johnson and Rusk argued that it was the SEATO treaty, and the Saigon invitation, which together made up a commitment. This Administration is afraid to talk "SEATO"

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lest Cambodia become a responsibility. Although Cambodia, under Sihanouk, renounced its position as a SEATO protocol state, the treaty was never amended to exclude Cambodia. Indeed, on June 29, Lon Nol announced in Phnom Penh that Cambodia regarded itself as a protocol state under the treaty still. There were even fears that Cambodia might show up in Manila at the SEATO pact meeting at about that time.

The Administration announced that it would not rely upon Tonkin Gulf earlier this year—probably because it thought it would lose face when the Senate voted for repeal. This has left the President in the ludicrous position of emphasizing only his right to protect the troops. On July 2, he argued that 549,000 Americans were "under attack" when he became President and that he has the responsibility "to protect" American forces when they are engaged. Pressed on this point, he conceded that he could move them "out more quickly" if protection were the only criterion but said it was a matter of moving American forces out in a way that would "at the same time win a just peace."

This failure to find any other commitment than the protection of American troops is no accidental slip of Presidential unpreparedness. The same problem was evident in the Senate on June 23 when Senator Thomas F. Eagleton (D., Missouri) cross-examined Senator Bob Dole (R., Kansas) on this same point.

A struggle to save face leads inevitably to self-deception and unreality in a context of unstructured psychological calculations. The President can hardly avoid confusing his face with national face. Getting even and showing toughness become ends in themselves. A tangled web of rationalizations has to be constructed to hide the less presentable, but human, motivation. An inordinate emphasis is placed on "will" in struggles that are ultimately more like chess than poker. At the same time, timidity in committing face occurs as well.

The view that in Vietnam "will" is being tested and face is being lost pollutes international political assessments throughout the world. This view, and only this view, links Southeast Asia and the Middle East. It turns every disagreement into an apocalyptic show of force with supreme worldwide implications. In the rational part of our mind, we may know that it is Hanoi, not Moscow, that is so determined to win in Vietnam. And we may know that Israeli excesses provoked the Egyptian request for the Soviet presence in Egypt. But our ego continues to say that it is "international Communism" probing our resilience. Today America is over-extended geographically. In the struggle to save face, we are becoming over-extended psychologically.

In Vietnam we earlier fought to resist a danger in which we did not believe. And we have fought also for a freedom in South Vietnam that we could not credit. Today we fight to save a face that has already been lost. What will we say tomorrow? JEREMY J. STONE

(Jeremy J. Stone, a previous contributor, is Director of the Federation of American Scientists.)

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 21, September 4 and September 18. From then on we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

Labor's Split Political Personality

If Al Barkin had not become a successful organizer for the old CIO Textile Workers some 20 years ago, he could have carved a career with any itinerant Gospel team in the country. He hollers, pleads, warns of disaster around the corner and pounds the lecturn as he invokes the fervor of his audience to the task ahead.

He does his job well. As national director of the Committee on Political Education of the AFL-CIO, Barkin has the responsibility to get the various echelons of the labor machine oiled up and in working order for the Congressional and Presidential elections every two and four years, and while there have been unhappy experiences (one in November, 1968; Ralph Yarborough in Texas in April), the overall COPE box score has been a good one.

Barkin is rated as a professional in both Washington and on the hustings, and is respected as such by both friends and enemies alike. So if these are bad days for political liberals whose daily despair only seems to widen, consider his dilemma: on the stump he warms his troops for combat with the enemy, forecasting an impending doom should the floodgates of Congressional liberalism burst in November. Back in Washington, he is advised that the enemy has come to the house of labor and accepted the fealty of the overwhelming majority of the AFL-CIO vice presidents and their liege, George Meany.

Bad enough that, but then Brother Barkin begins to get flak from some of the incumbents and their men —the people he is dedicated to return to the Congress this year. A labor aide for a veteran liberal Senator, targeted for a big-money push by the Republicans this year, complains:

"How the hell can he come in our state and talk to dinner meetings about Nixon giving the working man a 'snow job' and complain that the war still goes on

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and 'our flesh and blood are still losing their lives,' when Meany has his arms around the President and is offering him the moral support of the American labor movement?"

Barkin's agonizing is coming at a time when the social morality of the AFL-CIO is being backed onto a precipitous ledge, having outwardly rejected the competency and decency of its traditional allies of the past four decades on the one overriding issue which is tearing the country apart. During the incumbency of the Democratic Sixties, the foreign policy posture of the labor federation could understandably be rationalized as a pragmatic extention of liberal Kennedy or Johnson State Departments. A case could still be made for it while both the war and opposition to it intensified in 1965-68, the trade-offs from the "friendly" man in the White House far exceeding the arguments for joining in the opposition to an unpopular war.

There were those who said that after Richard Nixon became President, the AFL-CIO would also cool to the Asian adventure, citing the cost to the country in inflation, the death of the cities and the quality of life at home and the fact that it was the sons of blue-collar workers who were doing most of the fighting and dying. Yet, they have not considered that George Meany is one of the few public figures in American life today who purports liberalism while at the same time being wedded to an unreconstructed anti-Communism.

Nixon knew this when he went over to Meany's Washington headquarters building on May 13 and obtained from the AFL-CIO what he could not get from any other representative sector of the nation's mainstream: a carte blanche endorsement of his war policy. It was in a way a comfort station of moral support for a President who had clearly lost touch not only with the nation's young people, but much of the Congress, part of his own party and even members of his cabinet.

The Meany allegiance, which had come within hours of the President's April 30 invasion speech, was backed with only three dissents (the presidents of the Textile Workers, the Musicians and the public employees) and two abstentions on the 35-member Executive Council. Paul Jennings, who backed Meany, had earlier issued a statement praising the letter of Interior Secretary Hickel to Nixon in which he asked that the legitimate concerns of student dissent be recognized.

The reaction to the Meany Cambodian position among the policy level staff at the AFL-CIO bordered on consternation. "We don't need praise for the Hickel letter," said one, "what the Council needs is a Hickel."

With Walter Reuther removed from the scene, any significant left opposition within labor toward the unswerving support of the government in foreign policy, and inaction on the domestic front, is silenced. And the ugly, now infamous storm trooper tactics of the construction workers and longshoremen in New York City (and later in Buffalo and St. Louis) are another gauge of a labor drift to the right. Meany would only wrist-slap the activities of the helmeted workmen, some of whom were armed with lead pipes and crowbars and who ranged freely through Wall Street and the financial district for three hours the day of the President's press conference; some 60 victims—all but a few students and those who sought to help them—were attacked by the building tradesmen. The president of the 200,000-member New York Building Trades Council termed it a "spontaneous" act of patriotism, but Mayor Lindsay's office reported that union stewards and some employers were involved in the lunch-hour riot, with appropriate lost-time and overtime compensation.

Understandably, Meany shows no more shock over violence by union members than he does over violence to Asian peasants. As a product of the swamp of the New York building trades, he is not about to put down the unions which have always been his power base. His indifference to opinion within or without his federation is illustrated by his priorities: David Selden, the president of the American Federation of Teachers, recently served seven weeks in the Essex County, N.J. penitentiary for defying an injunction and walking the picket line with his striking members in Newark. Needless to say, the president of the AFL-CIO did not visit Selden to provide any moral support. Some recalled, however, that Meany had once taken a trip up the river to visit convicted shake-down artist Joey Fay of the Operating Engineers, whose cause was anything but decent trade unionism.

Al Barkin and labor's political operatives are not especially concerned about Meany's morality or anti-Communism, but they are viewing the *cul-de-sac* to which they lead: already some of the Republican congressional aspirants are turning out statements taking cognizance that the leader of the AFL-CIO agrees with the President's—and their—position on the war. All but three of the incumbent Democrats up for re-election in 14 states with a considerable labor constituency are pronounced Senate doves, and they may be as uneasy as Ohio's primary victor, Howard Metzenbaum, who reportedly is concerned that he may fall under a labor hatchet as did John Gilligan in 1968 because he refused to go with the Humphrey caucus in Chicago.

Following the "battle of Wall Street," a business agent for one of the construction trades suggested that because every aspirant for the Senate nomination in the June Democratic primary "was a lousy sell-out artist on the war" and that GOP Senator Goodell was "another Lindsay fag," the building trades just might end up supporting Bill Buckley's brother for the Senate on the Conservative party line. They just might.

JOE HILL

(*Joe Hill is the pseudonym of a journalist who specializes in labor affairs.*)

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HOW TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

"We must lose more, suffer more, experiment more, risk more, trust one another more"

DANIEL BERRIGAN

It is quite possibly no news at all by now, that my brother Philip and David Eberhardt are in the 'hole' at Lewisburg Federal Prison; as nearly as we can learn, they were consigned there on or about July 8. For those unfamiliar with penal arrangements, it may be useful to describe 'the hole,' whose existence is not widely discussed in prison guide books. Every prison boasts in one or another form, such a facility; a small isolated cell, with or without mattress and toilet, in which the condign crime of punishment may go forward for indefinite periods. No outside exercise, visitors, contacts, books; often, in winter, no heat (or excess heat, no ventilation); even, in extreme cases, no clothing. Such is the common threat; such often the fate assigned those who prove, in some way or other, recalcitrant against (the words are Philip's) "rehabilitation experts, under whose care one is transformed into a robot or a drone."

Philip is declining to be so transformed. His decision may be of some moment, for the church also. As he was the first priest in our national history to become a political prisoner, so now his presence in the hole changes that dungeon literally into a 'priest hole'—a throwback (throw forward?); in any case an historic link with other periods and other priests. In Elizabethan England, one remembers, Jesuits and others at the mercy of public justice, often hid out in airless pockets for days on end, while pursuivants sacked the premises in search of them.

But now that these men are holed in, it seems necessary to change our language in regard to their situation, as well as that of Bobby Seale and other 'political prisoners.' I am suggesting that it is no longer accurate to speak of such men in these terms. Rather, they must be thought of as hostages of war.

FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J., *convicted for destroying draft records in Maryland, has refused to surrender to the authorities.*

A few facts. Philip and David have been kept for some three months, in a high-security prison, against all precedent—which invariably consigns political prisoners to low-security work camps. They have been warned, moreover, that there will be no change in their prison conditions, until I have surrendered or been captured. Moreover, some time before the date when we were to surrender for our Catonsville 'crime,' we were told that once we were behind bars, the judge would hold hearings leading to reduction of sentence. Those hearings have since been held in regard to Tom Lewis, and his sentence of six years cut by half; he had surrendered on the appointed day. But Philip's sentence stands unchanged, because for some ten days, he refused induction into the armed forces of federal justice.

In simple mathematics, Philip is thus paying with three years of his life, for ten days at large—a ration of one hundred days in prison for each day he resisted. This, I submit, is a ratio of punishment to crime which recalls the Nazi or Fascist treatment of hostages of the maquis, the South African or Angolan disposition of captured guerrillas, the Ky bullies moving against Buddhists and students, the U.S. incarceration of Panthers without bail. The war has indeed come home, and Bobby Seale, David and Philip are among the first to be captured behind the lines.

Prior to the latest crisis at Lewisburg, a pattern of repressive treatment was slowly heating up the atmosphere. The facts are known to us by now. Philip was placed under suspicion of organizing a penal strike, his cell was repeatedly shaken down and his personal writing seized, his mail was over-censored, seized, sent back to friends (even to formerly approved correspondents) and used to attempt to trace my whereabouts. A memorandum was issued to guards to watch him as a potentially dangerous organizer. He was subject to shakedown search

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of person, in the yard; for what, we are in the dark. He and Eberhardt were singled out for two minor violations, even though they stood in a crowd of prisoners violating the same rule; none of the others was so charged. Finally, the chapel vestry where Philip had vested for Mass, was ransacked; for dynamite, firearms, writings—we have no clue.

Meanwhile, on our family scene back in Syracuse, a kind of watchful 'carrot and stick' technique has continued. Where is that priest? Our home has been constantly patrolled. Shortly after I disappeared, my mother was approached with the suggestion that she inform me by whatever means, that if I were to surrender to the law, "things would go easy with me; not more than a year in prison." This word, while the same authorities were making public threats of further charges against me. (The lady thus approached is eighty-five years of age and supremely cool.) She passed the word, with the added comment; "I hope you will take this information into account." Which I have done, and relayed back my no thank you. Which message in any case must have reached the hunters by now, I presume. . . . Some weeks later, my mother was hospitalized after an accident. A group of agents kept watch night and day at her door, apparently under the impression that I would declare a compassionate furlough, and show up. "Is Mrs. Berrigan dying?" they kept asking the medicos, like long-suffering heirs with visions of sugar plums. Alas no, she is recovering; and yes, I am uncaptured.

Much of the foregoing could be called ludicrous; but there are other overtones to the hunt, some of them sobering in the utmost. In May, the FBI came for George Mische in Chicago; he is another Catonsville member, for a while underground. The pursuers showed up with guns drawn. On June 27, some one hundred agents, supported by the usual technological fleet, junk, talkies, censors and God knows what else, invaded the wedding of two friends in Baltimore, in pursuit of your correspondent. There was no sacred space that day; church, sanctuary, reception room, basements, closets, all received the search-and-destroy treatment. At one particularly frightening moment, when a balloon happened to pop, guns jumped from agents' hips. Which is to say, priesthood and non-violent ethos and non-violent friends aside, what the agents expect is exactly the skills they are used to, trained to. Violence they can deal with, by more of same. It is non-violence that stops them short. I was not at the wedding.

But anyone who would presume, in face of the foregoing, that the FBI is only mildly interested in my capture, is surely ignoring some serious facts. The reason for their continuing interest is not hard to come upon. There is in fact, a surge of public sympathy for such an attempt as mine to counter the war, to counter the death game, to resist the growing repression of peacemakers. People are interested, not only in the fate of prisoners, but in alternatives to prison. The case of the first priest who stayed out in the cold, who avowed neither to take up arms nor to flee the country, to govern his life by a calculated personal risk, talking and appearing in public on occasion, thereby facing a longer prison sentence at the end; this is a formula which both awakens public response and hottens up the chase.

The day after the Baltimore wedding, a lengthy interview with me appeared in the *New York Times*. Two weeks before, I had filmed a half-hour interview with NBC; I have also met with small groups of local people in many cities, with AWOL's, resisters, ministers and priests, students, professors.

Inevitably, larger questions have come up. I sense, apart from all questions of my survival or fate, a personal and public malaise, running deep and hard. More people than we readily imagine, have reached a stalemate of such proportions as chill the joy and assail the integrity of marriage, work, religion, education of children, the direction and meaning of life itself. Liberal hopes for electoral solutions are largely dashed by the deaths of the saviors. There is a growing realization that, even if the iron cope lowered on the nation by the Nixon engineers is raised, no liberal program, whether of a President Lindsay or Brewster or Burns or Drinan or Gardiner, could long survive the fury of the right; policies of decent reformism, redress of injustice, a more modest role for the military, a less lethal national presence in the world—events since the Chicago convention have passed such men by.

No, we must dig deeper into self-understanding and societal understanding, before solutions worthy of serious scrutiny appear. Which is simply to say, we must lose more, suffer more, experiment more, risk more, trust one another more. The crisis is of such enormous extent and depth, that all solutions based on the sanity and health and recoverability of current structures are quickly proven wrong, untimely, unmanageable, bureaucratically infected; the same old kettle of fish, stinking worse than ever in the boiling juices of change.

And this is where a few of us are trying, as best we may, to come in. From the underground, from prison, the movement might have some light cast on it. I make this statement in the full realization of what it implies; up to the present, there has been very little that could be called a serious movement at all. There have been moves toward mitigation, moral gestures, protests, civil dissent, sporadic counter-violence. There is a great deal of cultural unrest among youth, controlled readily by the carnivorous national culture, which makes of the hottest and newest egg of invention or art, last week's cold omelette. There have been spasmodic excursions to D.C., drawing enormous migrations of people from their home cotes. But all such happenings have not issued in much; people have undertaken them as moral 'extras,' always with an eye to the great return; back to job, family, business as usual.

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I hope I do not appear with such reflections to be putting down the acts and passion of good people. I want only to get at the obscure truth of things. Where are our lives today? Where are we going? How to make a difference? Even good people are quite generally resigned to endure a great worsening and rotting of the public fabric, as long as such calamity does not strip them naked. How to respond, how to start anew? We are commonly determined neither to go naked (no one willingly dismantles his empire) nor to patch up the old garment (reformism is finished, in politics or tailoring). But what might it mean to weave the fabric of life into a new garment, of such cunning and beauty that the wearer himself is transformed by putting it on; from beggar, outcast, bankrupt, alien, loser, prevaricator, imperialist, racist, exploiter—into a new man? What if in new garments, a new creation were to be born?

"There are mountains of suffering yet to be borne," Gandhi wrote at the time of the great Salt March. "What counts for the future is something as simple as suffering fidelity," Bonhoeffer wrote from prison.

I face the fate of my brother and his friends, with a certain tranquility of spirit. Philip and I have never been able simply to stand about wringing our hands at the latest outrage of Nixon or Johnson or their myrmidons. We have chosen our fate; we have not been condemned to it. Therefore, in face of the latest Lewisburg outrage, it appears that our task is not crushed; it is simply unfinished.

What task? We are summoned to act in unison with our friends, to join in conspiracy, in jeopardy, in illegal non-violent actions, to hotten up the scene, wherever we are. Such steps will undoubtedly bring more and more revenge upon some of us; whether in the form of longer prison sentences, harassment of our families, solitary confinement in prison, a hotter chase by the FBI. But none of these is to the point, as Philip and I long ago agreed.

What we seek, acting coolly, politically, out of the truth of our lives and tradition is to pull the mask of legitimacy from the inhuman and blind face of power. We seek at the same time, to open the eyes of more and more of our friends, to bring a larger community of resistance into being. We seek moreover to awaken to the facts of life, those Americans who continue to grasp at the straws of this or that political promise; and so put off, day after day, year after year, the saving act of resistance, allow innocent men to be imprisoned, guiltless men to be kicked out of America, good men to die.

But if even a few men say no, courageously, constantly, clearsightedly, more men will be drawn to say no; fewer men likewise will continue to say yes, and so to lose their manhood, their soul, their brothers.

Which is to say, some men must be stripped naked. Not as an act of egoism, a side show, but as a skeletal illustration of the state and condition of man today. Some men must willingly dismantle their empires.

I think today of Philip, the *alma domus* of the universe in which he took such pleasure, even exaltation. He loves music, food and drink, friends, the game of life with its checks and counterplays. He has been an inventor of almost every new tool the church has come on in the past decade for her inner renewal, whether of liturgy, social awakening, forms of community. He spoke up early (for a white man) on racism, met the mounting war with all his might. When I think of him, it is of a man infected with *joie de vivre*; he is an incurable carrier of that all but vanquished unease, dis-ease, ease. For years he has traveled among men like a Ulysses, voyaging beyond known landmarks, putting in among strangers, marveling at the variety, beauty, terror of the world, the known and unknown; often near shipwreck, near death, but always and everywhere charting new terrain, bringing others to awakening, to debate, to change of heart.

He loved the world well enough to hear the urgent summons to renunciation, to such discipline of emotions as would make him useful as the times worsened. He was willing to test the proposition that celibacy can be as intense an experience of love as sexual relationship, that the *unum necessarium* commended by Christ could also include the *orbs terrarum,* the cape of good hope, scylla and charybdis, the loves of all men and all things.

In the words of Simone Weil, he put on the universe for garment; for body. Now he is stripped of that garment. He sits or paces in Lewisburg hole, that subterranean box in which society buries, as in its own disordered subconscious, the sweating victims, the untidy raucous voices that above ground or at large, would shout the truth too loud. Is he disposed of, like the dead; or is he only buried more deeply in the veins of his people's existence? Knowing him, I would suggest the latter is nearer the truth.

But what of us? How shall we lead our lives? Everything from Vietnam to Lewisburg suggests to me that men who hope at this point, for other directions than further repression, further wars, more jailings of resisters, are whistling into the prevailing winds. To expect the worst, to prepare our souls, prophetic or cowardly, for the worst, is the only realism worth talking about. For we are going, downhill and pell-mell, into a dark age, a progress led by neanderthals armed to the teeth. What lends a sinister despair to their flight plan is the simple knowledge that they face, as do all who misuse the world, simple extinction. The subhumans are struggling against death, the humans are struggling toward birth. Our lifetime sees the conflict joined. We must expect bloodshed, agony, prison, exile, psychic and physical injury, separation, the rupture of relationships, the underground; these are the symptoms and circumstances that precede a new age, a new mankind.

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BACKLASH IN CHILE

The middle class is heard from

PAUL E. SIGMUND

Since the death of Ché Guevara in 1967, there has been a remarkable change in the attitude of political analysts towards Latin America. Where books on Latin American politics in the early part of this decade had titles such as *The Coming Explosion in Latin America* (by Gerald Clark, 1963) or *The Great Fear* (by John Gerassi, 1963), we now read *The Politics of Conformity in Latin America* (by Claudio Veliz, 1967), *Constructive Change in Latin America* (by Cole Blasier, 1968), and *The Unrevolutionary Society* (by John Mander, 1969). Just as it was conventional wisdom a few years ago to point to the imminence of revolution in Latin America, it is now usual to refer to the remarkable conservatism of the countries south of the Rio Grande.

This tendency is likely to be reinforced by current developments in the Chilean presidential campaign, now in full swing a month before the September 4th election. The last presidential contest in 1964, between Eduardo Frei, the Christian Democratic candidate, and Salvador Allende, the standard-bearer of the Socialist-Communist FRAP coalition, was seen as a referendum on revolution. Given the choice between the "revolution in liberty" of the Christian Democrats and Allende's Cuban-influenced program, the Chilean voters gave a 56 percent plurality to Frei, the largest in Chile in this century. The right-wing voters either supported Frei as the lesser of two evils or cast their ballots for the Radical Party nominee, Julio Durán, who received only 5 percent of the vote. Yet five years later, Allende is the candidate of a deeply divided left, the Christian Democrats have split and have lost support in each successive election, and the right-wing National Party is confident that its candidate, former President Jorge Alessandri, will be victorious in September's election. How did this striking change come about?

When the Christian Democrats came to power and Frei's electoral triumph was followed by another smashing victory in the 1965 Congressional elections, predictions were made that the party would remain in power for thirty years, and comparisons were drawn to the overwhelming predominance of the PRI (Institutional Revolutionary Party) in Mexico, which has dominated Mexican politics since the early 1930s. Yet Chile is not Mexico, and just because it is one of the few functioning democracies in Latin America, the Christian Democrat effort to carry out a radical transformation of Chilean society was bound to incur opposition—not only from the wealthy whose privileges would be curtailed, but also from the relatively large Chilean middle class, whose taxes would have to be sharply increased to pay for the reforms envisaged by the Christian Democratic program. Moreover, since only half of the Chilean Senate was elected in 1965, the victory at the polls could not be translated immediately into the passage of reform legislation. It took several years for the key elements of Frei's program—Chileanization of the American-owned copper mines (the purchase of 25 to 51 percent of the shares with the purchase price reinvested in the expansion of production and refining in Chile), agrarian reform, a vast expansion in education, and the organization of peasants and slumdwellers—to be adopted, and by that time a middle-class backlash against increased taxes and public spending had set in. The inflation rate, which declined in the opening years of the Frei administration, started to mount in 1967, and the strain placed on the economy by a prolonged drought in the next two years meant that prices have continued to rise.

Increased inflation and higher taxes meant declining votes. In the highly politicized 1967 municipal elections, which the Christian Democratic leadership tried to bill as a plebiscite against a recalcitrant Congress (which had just refused to authorize a visit by Frei to the United States), the Christian Democratic vote dropped from 42 percent to 36 percent, and the new National Party (which had been created in 1966 by a fusion of the former Liberals and Conservatives) began to show that the right wing was not as moribund as the 1964-65 elections seemed to indicate.

1967 was also the year in which increasing dissension within the Christian Democratic Party over the slow pace of reform led to the victory of the "rebel" candidates of the left-wing faction in the party elections in July. At about the same time, a party committee headed by Jacques Chonchol, chief of the agrarian assistance program, issued a draft party program calling for "a non-capitalist way of development."

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The program was never officially adopted, and in fact the text only became available when a right-wing journal published it, but combined with the victory of the left in the party elections, it frightened foreign and domestic investors and contributed to the slowdown in the Chilean economy which took place that year. Frei lectured his party on the need for foreign investment, and in January 1968 he reasserted control of its leadership; but the internal squabbling and the combination of attacks from the left and right considerably diminished the luster of a party which had gone from triumph to triumph in earlier years.

Radical Party Shift

At the same time that the Christian Democrats were having their internal problems, the centrist Radical Party was shifting its electoral and programmatic orientation from right to left. In its June 1967 party congress, the Radicals elected a slate of officers and adopted a program which was committed to "the unity of popular forces," i.e., an electoral coalition with the Chilean left as represented by the Socialist and Communist parties. The right wing of the party, which had formerly been dominant, was strongly opposed to this move, but by 1969 the left-oriented leadership was in such a strong position that it was able to expel the former leaders from the party (including Senator Julio Durán, the party's 1964 presidential candidate).

The first electoral test of the new party alignments took place in the Congressional election of March, 1969 which was to elect the remaining half of the Senate as well as the entire Chamber of Deputies. When the results were announced they could only be interpreted as a triumph for the right. While the Communists and Socialists gained slightly, the Radicals lost heavily with their new leftist program and the Christian Democrats dropped another six percentage points, with the most significant losses registered by numbers of the "rebel" faction. But most striking was the astounding resurgence of the right-wing National Party. The *Nacionales* gained everywhere at the expense of the Christian Democrats or the Radicals. The victory was not so much an endorsement of the party as of a man who was not even formally affiliated with it, Jorge Alessandri, the unannounced but obvious candidate of the right for the 1970 presidential race. The mere possession of the name, Alessandri, enabled two of his relatives to rank among the biggest winners of the election. One of them received twice as many votes as the next most popular winning candidate in Chile.

The conclusion of the "rebel" faction of the Christian Democrats was that it was necessary to unite all the anti-Alessandri forces behind a single left-wing candidate for the September 1970 elections. This was also the view, although less clearly expressed, of the leading Christian Democratic candidate for the presidency, former ambassador to Washington, Radomiro Tomic. When the party voted in May to run its own candidate rather than attempt to negotiate a joint candidate with the left, the members of the rebel faction, including three deputies and one senator, broke away and formed the Movement for United Popular Action (MAPU), dedicated to finding a suitably leftist candidate who could defeat the popular Alessandri. They elected as their general secretary Jacques Chonchol, who had resigned from the government in November 1968 because of impatience with the slow implementation of the agrarian reform.

Tomic remained in the party which he had helped to found in 1938, and in August he was nominated as its candidate to succeed Frei (Chilean presidents may not succeed themselves). He has the bulk of the party machinery with him and is attempting to demonstrate his leftism by attacking capitalism as the principal cause of Chile's problems, but his chances of victory are clearly diminished by the split in the party and its declining electoral support.

The left took longer to produce its candidate. Meetings between the Socialists, the Communists, the Radicals, and three other smaller parties including the MAPU dissidents led to a month-long deadlock in late 1969. Finally the left parties overcame their reluctance to nominate the same old tired campaign warhorse, and Salvador Allende received his fourth nomination for the presidency. (Besides running in 1964 he was also a presidential candidate in 1952 and 1958. In the latter case he came within 35,000 votes of defeating Alessandri.)

Richard Nixon's victory in 1968 has taught us not to underestimate the chances of a so-called perennial loser. This time Allende has additional backing from the Radicals and the rebel Christian Democrats but Chilean political observers doubt that he can even approach the 39 percent of the vote that he received in 1964. For several years public opinion polls have shown Alessandri as an easy victor over both Allende and Tomic and thus far in the campaign he is still ahead although his lead has been reduced. In addition to the reaction against the high taxes, continued inflation, and heavy spending of the Christian Democratic government, the personality factor is important in the popular support for Alessandri. An abstemious bachelor who walks each day back and forth to work, he has been careful to foster the image of one above politics, who does not engage in the petty intrigues and compromises of the political parties—which in highly-politicized Chile provides a welcome relief. The March 1969 elections demonstrated that Alessandri's appeal is not limited to the upper and middle classes, but extends to the very lower-class whom the Christian Democrats have consistently favored during their term of office. (The gov-

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erment claims that the real income of the lower classes increased 54 percent in the first four years of the Frei regime. There is no doubt that on such matters as the cost of living index and legislation on wage increases there has been clear discrimination in favor of lower-class groups and against the white-collar middle class.)

The Prospects

Whether Alessandri will get the absolute majority required by the constitution for election is less certain. If no presidential candidate receives a majority, the Chilean constitution decrees that the election goes to the Congress for a run-off between the two leading candidates. In the past it has been customary for the candidate with the largest plurality to be elected without difficulty. The problem in the case of Alessandri is that the Chilean system of staggered elections has guaranteed that there will be large blocs of leftists and Christian Democrats in both the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies and few representatives of Alessandri's National Party. The Christian Democrats could thus abstain in the voting and give the presidency to Allende if he is second in the popular vote or the "popular unity" forces could do the same for the Christian Democrats to elect Tomic in the (more likely) event that he is runner-up. In recent statements Tomic has indicated that the Christian Democratic members of Congress will vote for Alessandri if he wins by a substantial margin. However he has left open the possibility of his own election by Congress if he is a close second.

If elected, Alessandri, would have problems with an opposition-dominated Congress. For years President Frei has been attempting without success to persuade the Chilean Congress to adopt a constitutional amendment which would permit the President to dissolve Congress in case of parliamentary deadlock and call new elections in an attempt to get a working majority. Alessandri's only possible recourse if he wished to secure a favorable Congress would be to use an obscure provision of the 1925 constitution which allows a plebiscite on the adoption of constitutional amendments in order to secure popular endorsement of the dissolution power and follow this with Congressional elections which he would bill as a personal vote of confidence.

The lesson from Frei's current term of office, however, is that reform is difficult under constitutional democracy both because of the institutional limits which it places on those who exercise power and the likelihood of a taxpayer backlash against its cost. And thus even in a country in which the possibility of a right-wing military coup is remote, the right is able to survive and to make a comeback via the electoral process after what seemed to be decisive defeats in 1964 and 1965.

At the end of his life, Simon Bolívar, the liberator of Latin America, said "Latin America is ungovernable." The succession of revolutions, military coups, and caudillos in most of Latin America since his time seems to bear him out. Yet with two exceptions in its history (1891 and the late 1920s) Chile has maintained the institutions of constitutional democracy. Its problems are so great that every government seems destined to be defeated at the end of its six-year term of office. Yet important changes have taken place during the last six years, and the resurgence of the right does not mean that the clock has been turned back. In practice, the "revolution in liberty" has been more evolutionary in its operation, but the incremental changes which have taken place—particularly in the countryside, where peasants are being organized and receiving a decent wage for the first time—now amount to a qualitative change in Chile, and no democratic government, however conservative, will be able to reverse that process.

MEMO TO THE REPS

THE STAGE

One of the recurrent worries of the more *avant* regional theaters and repertory groups (even Lincoln Center) is that they will decline into conventionality, become ambulatory museums of classic theater, lose "relevance." The idea of a first-rate company working its way through the standard classics fails to make my blood run cold, but my purpose here is not to defend the museum concept of repertory. It is to commiserate with the men who have to draw up each season's schedules. New plays are not really a problem. Even if the grapevine failed to dictate, *this year Rosalyn Drexler, this year Megan Terry,* unsolicited manuscripts would pile up in company offices and almost workable scripts would likely rise to the top. It is the rest of the schedule that provides the problems. Where in the history of drama are we to go for this year's blockbusters? The difficulty is that most producers, directors and actors do not have time (nor inclination, I suspect) to read widely in dramatic literature. Choices tend to come from vestigial memories of old college reading lists (the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval classics); from plays the director has already done in some other town (or has seen someone else do and suspects that he can do better); from rumors of a spectacular revival in London or Prague or Tokyo. The biggest headache comes when it is time to rummage through the past in search of the demandingly contemporary, to find the play that can be staged to say something "really important about the times in which we live," as the publicity throwaways will inevitably proclaim.

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Right now, with the 1970-71 season looming on the horizon, pertinent questions are being asked in planning sessions all across the country. Now, let's see, have we done all the old English plays that Brecht rewrote? What has Jan Kott been double-thinking lately? Is it too soon after Schechner and Yale, to have another go at the *Bacchae*? Peace, gentlemen, peace. My professorial duties have recently forced me to reread a Jacobean play that should solve this year's "relevance" problem. I recommend *The Woman Hater* by Francis Beaumont or John Fletcher or Beaumont and Fletcher, depending on which scholarly horse you back. At the moment, the academic smart money is on the collaboration. Well, whoever wrote the play, *The Woman Hater* is this year's best bet. Let me indicate the play's selling points.

This year—as every newspaper, magazine and television program in the country has indicated—is going to be the year of the Women's Liberation Movement. What a moment to stage *The Woman Hater*! Consider, as a tiny sample, these words of Gondarino, whose obsession provides the play's title: "why should women only above all other creatures that were created for the benefit of man, have the use of speech?" That sentiment, as anyone in the Movement will tell you, is the corrupt basis of a male-dominated society. Any company that chooses to be *parti pris* can stage the play so that the central line of action leads from Oriana's first witty confrontation with the misogynist through his attempt to do her real injury to his final comic comeuppance when, tied to a chair, he is tormented by the ladies of the court. A more sophisticated company can go for the deeper ironies in Oriana's situation. She is, after all, a resolutely pure young woman who is conventionallly rewarded with the Duke's hand in marriage; yet the Duke and her own brother are not that unlike Gondarino. Oriana, then, like so many of the female characters of that period of drama, can be seen as an ur-Women's Libber. She is clever enough to escape Gondarino's stereotypical assault, but finally she is a victim, forced to play a male-defined female role. A tragicomedy for our time.

There is more to *The Woman Hater* than a single topical string. There is a subplot in which two Intelligencers and a mock justice are shown up, a comment that ought to warm a number of hearts. When the playful Count Valore sics the Intelligencers onto Lazarello, he does so to expose them, knowing that Lazarello is innocent of any plot other than one which will provide him with the dinner he seeks. Predictably, the Intelligencers, catching every fifth word as they eavesdrop, hear only what they want to hear and arrest Lazarello for treason. Haled before Lucio, who is more interested in the forms of his office than in its substance, Lazarello is found guilty. "Hold thy peace," thunders Lucio, "thou canst not answer this speech: no Traitor can answer this speech, I take it you have confessed the Treason." Valore rescues Lazarello, of course, and the paid informers and the peremptory judge are roundly told off. Somewhere, surely, there is a piece of the audience that can find its own analogy.

I could go on. I could suggest that the Lazarello-dinner plot might be played as an extended dirty joke, thus catching a popular contemporary spirit. I could point out that the changeable Duke, who is said to have been modeled on James I, might be profitably compared to other and nearer leaders. I could . . . but that is not fair. Half the fun of the "relevant" revival is that it gives the director a chance to write a program note on the play's "significance"; it gives the company a chance to set up an analogous lobby display; it gives the critics a chance to sort out their own long thoughts.

So, there it is boys. Let's get *The Woman Hater* on the boards. And, oh, don't forget to call me next year. If things break as I think they will in the great world, I have in mind a nineteenth-century melodrama that ought to be a sure thing. GERALD WEALES

RASPBERRY STATEMENT

THE SCREEN

Campuses are never going to make good movie sets. Americans don't care for people with negative ideals. Winning the West and World War II are activities people can believe in. But going to college isn't because it confronts belief. The intuitive scepticism of aliens like Socrates and Descartes is intertwined in all that ivy. The stateless ideal of higher education is to teach people to doubt things—an anti-social proposition at best. Student dissenters are really an educational success story, even if it's one most Americans hoped would never come true. Only the student revolutionaries and ideologues are an educational failure: giving up your Boy Scout faith in the American way for an equally naive faith in the Maoist way isn't what humanism is supposed to be all about.

Since Americans, including moviemakers, haven't had sympathy for the successes of education, it's not likely that they'll understand its failure. A lot of movies are trying to explain that failure to us these days. The most recent are *The Revolutionary,* which is based on a Hans Koningsberger novel, and *The Strawberry Statement*, based on James Simon Kunen's student memoir of the 1968 Columbia strike. But these new releases share the inadequacy common to other movies of their kind: they have a void where the student himself ought to be.

The hero of *The Revolutionary* is "A," a distant

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cousin of Joseph K. In the opening sequence "A" walks away from a protest demonstration. Unmolested by the cops, "A" falls down a flight of steps and breaks his leg. Everything in "A's" life happens that way. Expelled from the university for unspecified reasons, he's drafted and goes without resistance. But when his unit is assigned riot duty, he deserts. He hides out, appropriately, in a hothouse. He's drifted from the university's Radical Committee to a militant labor group, and now he befriends a Crazy who pushes him into an assassination plot. Does he throw the bomb, or doesn't he? The story ends by falling into the same indecision and irresolution that's plagued its hero all along.

Under the direction of Paul Williams, Jon Voight plays "A" as if he were an old man. He tries to capture the vulnerability of his character by walking with a splay-footed shuffle, which explains his vulnerability to those steps at the beginning but not much else. Voight seems to want to project the hopeless down-and-outer, the derelict, in "A." This only makes us wonder whether "A's" untold story—the story of how he got this way—wouldn't be more helpful than the story we are being told. In the state in which we see him "A" is a non-person. He has neither youth nor politics, and his idealism is more senile than innocent. At the end of Koningsberger's novel "A" wonders whether he will "vanish tracelessly." In the movie he's done so before we ever meet him.

The value of Kunen's book is that, unlike Koningsberger's, it's been written by an insider. Kunen isn't vulnerable the way "A" is. His defense is his book. His incorrigible sense of humor betrays the rhetoric of both the System and the Revolution. His private revolution is to keep his cool while the clashing forces of history are blowing theirs. He's together. Which is genuinely radical.

Yet the adaptation by screenwriter Israel Horovitz makes Simon (Bruce Davison) indistinguishable from "A" in some essential ways. Simon's deepening involvement in the strike is haphazard—almost incidental—in a way that the real Mr. Kunen's was not. The movie Simon is just another goofy kid overwhelmed by events. The scene is transplanted from New York to San Francisco, and the issue of the Columbia gym is displaced by the People's Park. But there's no political purpose in this license, because the movie concentrates on a puppylove story anyway—a story in which Kim (*True Grit*) Darby is wildly miscast as Simon's "committed" girl friend.

Why has the movie scrubbed away the convincing grubbiness of Kunen's personality? The answer is that director Stuart Hagman has been preparing Simon and his girl friend to be sacrificial lambs. Having turned the student strike into *The Sterile Cuckoo*, Hagman gives us a police bust straight out of Zola's *Germinal*. While revolutionaries in fatigues join in singing "Give

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Peace A Chance," the cops rush in with faceless social realism, clubbing and gassing their way through the crowd. Tacked onto a movie as sentimental as *The Strawberry Statement,* this ending is pernicious and pointlessly incendiary. The Progressive Labor Party couldn't have written it with more irrational, last-minute hatred. Hagman's ending cries, "Off the Pig!" in a tone suggesting he's only just been told what that term means.

The preview announcement from United Artists promised, *"The Revolutionary* examines, rather than exploits, the politics of the young." The movie doesn't live up to this boast, of course, and its failure was predictable. This is the second movie within a year based on a Koningsberger novel, the first having been John Huston's *A Walk with Love and Death.* The earlier adaptation dealt with two medieval teeny-boppers, drop-outs from the Hundred Years War. In Mr. Huston's arthritic hands, that movie tried to exploit everything from today's generation gap to the success of Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet.* Koningsberger's popularizing prose seems to invite this kind of misuse from a director.

Nevertheless, *The Revolutionary* is more honest than *The Strawberry Statement* in that it is at least honest with itself; *The Revolutionary* ends up admitting it doesn't know what it's talking about. A documentary made by an agit-prop group called the Newsreel did greater justice to the Columbia Strike than *The Strawberry Statement.* The Newsreel's film was only polemics, but it granted the cops the right to be lumpen proletariat instead of mere brutes. *The Strawberry Statement* doesn't even make that much sense. And it certainly doesn't make the kind of sense James Simon Kunen's book made. In the movie version the original Mr. Kunen has vanished tracelessly. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

Raising children in Russia and America

Two Worlds of Childhood U.S. and U.S.S.R.

URIE BRONFENBRENNER

Russell Sage Foundation, $7.95

SIDNEY CALLAHAN

In optimistic moments I envision future historians dating the beginning of the Childrens' Liberation Movement from the publication of this book. Urie Bronfenbrenner's *Two Worlds of Childhood U.S. and U.S.S.R.* can really be seen as a call to arms. Maybe the complacent majority who read it will be struck by their previous blindness to one of our most blatant American failures, neglect of children.

The most searing chapters in this book are those devoted to the "Unmaking of the American Child." In this section our failure to conserve biological potential (the absence of medical care and proper nutrition among so many), our failure to provide adult models and guidance, and our failure to educate children are exposed mercilessly. I'd like to Xerox the whole thing and mail it to every legislator, school administrator and parent in America. With a special copy to the magazine editor who returned a manuscript of mine on childcare with the comment that we are already too child-centered a society. Hogwash!

We are terrible in our toleration of high infant-mortality rates, awful in the quality of care we give to small children, and hideously inadequate in providing the environment necessary for their development. Bronfenbrenner singles out as our worst failing our lack of adult support, the way we push kids off onto their peers and into hours of watching mindless violent television. Amen to both of these indictments. We are an anti-child society; no children allowed. Just ask anyone trying to raise children well.

As Bronfenbrenner laconically puts it, "Children used to be brought up by their parents." Now children and parents no longer spend enough time together to have an opportunity to influence them. Nor do most American children know and like other adults who can transmit values through informal contacts. Not many parents live near their families of origin or in neighborhoods where everyone knows you and your family and feels free to give you the word when you need to be spoken to. American mobility and the resulting fragmentation of family and community leave a child without a large circle of caring adults. The family circle has withered to a few friends, a few siblings, and two parents (if you're lucky).

Many of these parents are seldom home and so lose out on time they could have with their children. The absent father is particularly tough on the boys, although the lack of adults in one's life affects all children. The children also don't know older youths or young adults who can help to transmit values. They are stuck for hours on end with television. In Bronfenbrenner's opinion TV violence *does* breed violence and aggression in the lives of viewers. He cites some relevant experiments which show the contagion effect of aggression. If you see a model be-

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have aggressively, chances are you will be affected. It's a scary set of experiments because we've already seen it live on TV newsreels. Violent aggression directed toward others is contagious.

Fortunately, altruism seems just as contagious. The experiments have been fewer in this area but it does seem to be true that such things as helping someone in need or delaying gratification are also transmitted from admired model to observer. (The bit about the effectiveness of models displaying delayed gratification reminded me of the celibacy debate, but never mind.) Bronfenbrenner's account of the influence of a high-status model displaying some desired behavior was quite convincing. I myself have always been influenced by admired models and I'm glad it's a phenomenon recognized in social psychology. The incarnational approach can apparently be proved empirically effective as well as aesthetically and ethically appealing.

Bronfenbrenner's other main message is also well-taken and timely. He despairs over our neglect of community. He describes for us in great detail the child-rearing arrangements of the U.S.S.R. where the strong point is in the communal approach to children. Everyone in the society loves children and feels that the children's education is their responsibility. Older children "adopt" and care for younger siblings and classes. Adults in the community "adopt" classes in the schools. Everyone in home and community respects and admires anyone who cares for or teaches children. The children in a class or group are encouraged to help and support each other rather than being encouraged in individual success at the expense of other children.

From before birth medical care and education for mothers is available. Childcare facilities are located in every community. Although schools-of-the-extended-day are prevalent it appears that Soviet parents who both work still spend more time with their children just playing around and enjoying them than American parents. Bronfenbrenner sees that this adult involvement socializes the children into adult values early. By contrast, our delinquency and problems with youth come from our society's increasing segregation by age. We push our kids off and worse still, give them no useful role in the community. The Soviet children are given a mission and purpose in life. They have duties to perform and are taught to live by their Communist values. These values ape those of our Boy Scouts, except for the mandatory atheism.

Soviet Problems

Of course the Soviet system has its own serious drawbacks. The maternal culture run by women is constricting as well as protective. The children are not allowed physical independence nor any deviation from strict conformity to adult values. The collective support is so intense that it becomes tyranny. A child's group can punish him and enforce adult values in crushing ways, and the child has no retreat. His family life, dominated by women since the war, supports the female-dominated school system and the female-led youth groups. Masculine rebellion and nonconformity soon get eradicated just as they do in the larger society. All of the babies in government nurseries and all of the children in the schools conform to the approved regime and its methods.

I don't think Bronfenbrenner was critical enough of the nightmare quality of this conformity. He points it out, and provides some chilling scenes of children being judged and punished by their peers, but he is so appalled by our individualistic neglect in America that he rather resolutely focuses on the good aspects of the U.S.S.R. Besides, he thinks the Soviet system is getting more individualistic and free as men return to dominance in the family and society. I hope so. The picture of all babies in all nurseries being trained at 18 months and being told the same moralistic little stories to enforce Soviet virtue is pretty depressing.

It's all summed up in the vile brat who is the patron of all Communist young pioneers. This young hero turned in his parents to the authorities and was subsequently martyred by the villagers. His picture hangs in Soviet schoolrooms and he is revered; but few people seem to have deserved their fate so thoroughly. Unless we can count our own Catholic examples of goody-goody child-martyrs virtually asking to be stoned. Anyhow, the days of all such totalitarian virtues have long since passed in America, so what can we do about our problem now?

How can we retain our individualism (built on our prejudices against informers and concentration camps) without neglecting our children? Urie Bronfenbrenner suggests a Commission on Children to study and redistribute the money and priorities of our society. We could train more workers, change the programming policies of television networks, determine working hours of industry and design housing developments to help children and family life. Since children need the support of their local community, all measures which build up a child-centered community will help. Neighborhood centers which arise from local initiative tap the most creativity and caring. Getting teenagers and the older children involved in caring for younger children is also important. Especially getting young males who will help male children become socialized without kowtowing to a feminine monopoly on civilization.

Teachers and parents may still be the primary reenforcers and models to their children, but without more support and respect from the community, the family and the classroom will be as impotent as it often is now. The only thing strong enough to counter peer group pressure and TV is a family and classroom backed up by a neighborhood filled with known neighbors who care. If we can't have an extended family anymore, and we can't, we have to build similar communities which give the same kind of mutual support. Otherwise our civilization will go down with our children. The Children's Liberation movement is absolutely crucial to survival as a species. May its momentum increase.

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Introduction to Christianity

JOSEPH RATZINGER

Herder and Herder, $6.50

PATRICK BURKE

"Once upon a time"—we can imagine our grandchildren telling their infants by the fire—"there was an exotic animal called the *dogmatic theologian,* whose chief occupation was uttering deep noises. Eventually he existed only in captivity, and he made it a point to utter noises his owners liked to hear. But the other animals were not interested in these noises, and took less and less notice of him, and the last of his tribe was seen wandering off into a cave to die of the sad disease of isolated platonism."

Joseph Ratzinger does not want this to happen. East of the Rhine he is known as someone determined to keep theological noises intelligible. With Hans Küng and J. B. Metz he represents the younger generation of German-speaking theologians, though he is so far not widely known in this country. His work has generally been characterized by rather less excitement than theirs, but by more sobriety, and more scholarship.

The dilemma of the traditional speculative theologian is to reconcile the official faith of the church with the demands of rationality. Depending on what counts as rationality, and what counts as the faith of the church, this may not be too hard. At the present time there is a chasm between the two, and the theologian balances over the abyss with a foot on each cliff-top.

Understandably, there is a tendency to opt for one side or the other. If he decides to keep on balancing, and that is a choice not confined to theologians, then it is not a bad idea to find something to hold on to, especially since part of the balancing act is maintaining that the gap is really not so wide after all.

This is where Ratzinger's scholarship comes in. Instead of grappling with the problem, say the idea of God, directly, on the speculative level, which might prove quite unbalancing, he has recourse to historical investigation: how did it come about that the Hebrews' God was named Yahweh, and what did such a name signify? What happened to it in the New Testament and the early church? The result is a book packed with valuable information, detailed, and representing the most recent research. On the larger issues, where it is not silent it suggests rather than speaks explicitly: at the end the reader is still left hanging, only perhaps he does not notice it so much, he can think of other things.

The book is a "higher" introduction to Christianity, that is, it will not do much to enlighten or interest the Hindu, it presupposes that the reader is either already a Christian or at least well-informed about Christianity, and it will provide such a person with a good deal of historical and exegetical knowledge about the background against which the official Christian faith should be understood.

Following a present trend, the largest section of the book is devoted to Christology (114 pp.), preceded by shorter treatments of faith (64 pp.) and God (74 pp.), and followed by a significantly brief treatment of the Spirit, the church and the question of a future life (only 24 pp.).

Within the limits the author has set himself, however, the attempt is certainly successful. The work he has done is of quite exceptional quality. Rich and interesting ideas come thick and fast. There is nothing superficial or flashy here, and there is a great deal of solidity, of accurate knowledge, and strength of argument.

The Enemies of the Poor

JAMES GRAHAM

Random House, $7.95

MAURICE R. BERUBE

Who are the enemies of the poor? To the old leftists, they are simply the rich. New Leftists, on the other hand, primarily focus on some self-professed friends of the poor: welfare bureaucrats, liberal lawyers, pious clergymen, and old socialist union business agents. Theirs is the more sophisticated analysis. We have discovered in the last few years, for example, a strange, tenuous alliance between the rich and the black welfare poor, whereas white affluent workers have become conservative and reactionary.

James Graham is no New Leftist. Nevertheless, he has written a visceral polemic on poverty that powerfully indicts some of the so-called friends of the poor. From his experience as a poverty lawyer and community organizer, he convincingly describes the chief liberal enemies of the poor, who now rank with the old foes of the past, the Rockefellers and the Carnegies. But this is no strident broadside. Rather, what we have is a carefully nuanced personal record of poverty as is exists in America today.

We have come a long way from the proposition that all the poor need is more money. It is the pathology of poverty—the breeding of subservience by a welfare state aided and abetted by prevailing liberal institutions and motivated by a Calvinist myth—that needs as much attending to as a redistribution

REVIEWERS

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of wealth. Graham comprehends this predicament fully. And he expresses his major concern for the welfare poor, who have neither job opportunities nor control over their lives, rather than the "deserving" working union poor. He scathingly denounces the pathology of our welfare system and charges the institutions of law, labor and the church with complicity.

This is all, of course, familiar terrain. But Graham brings to his subject a fresh approach and a keen eye. We are indebted to him for two remarkable quotations, revealing more about labor and the church than a host of scholarly studies. Who could match the brutal frankness of Peter Schoemann, Plumbers and Pipefitters Union President, in saying that ". . . the alliance between civil rights and the war on poverty poses all kinds of new challenges to principles and values of trade unionism." And Cardinal Terence Cooke's Calvinistic response to James Forman's Black Manifesto—that it is "contrary to our American way of life"—is more evidence that our only national religion has always been Puritanism.

Will the poor always be with us? Graham hopes against hope that activists, such as himself, may transform those liberal institutions into the social organizations they were intended to be. He is, nonetheless, not overly optimistic. After all, the poor, and their "friends," have had "roles that have hardly been altered during the past few hundred years."

Where he falls down is in conceiving a meliorist approach as perhaps solving the problem. For Graham, Christ would return donning reformist robes. He would be a "Semitic-looking son of a Hasidic tailor in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, who got a job with VISTA and is now organizing welfare recipients." Given the insulated character of our institutions, those who would successfully challenge their nature would have to be of a stronger stripe; and that sounds more like a black revolutionary Christ.

The Descent Into Hell

THOMAS J. J. ALTIZER

Lippincott, $5

ALBERT L. SCHLITZER

At the very outset Mr. Altizer tells us clearly his motive in writing this book and the method he intends to use. "On the one hand, it is an attempt to think radically about the contemporary meaning of Christian faith. On the other hand, it is written with the conviction that Christianity has undergone a revolutionary transformation in the modern world, and the primary responsibility of the theologian is to come to understand the meaning of a new form of faith which is already manifest and real." Radical he is in the most thoroughgoing sense of the word—perhaps even more so than his mentors Hegel and Nietzsche. The Hegelian tirade provides the orchestration of this macabre symphony of Descent into Hell. Ask any question: "couldn't it be otherwise?" and the answer comes back subtly as from a luring Lorelei, "it not only could be, but should be otherwise."

The subtitle of the book merits attention: "A Study of the Radical Reversal of the Christian Conscience." "Reversal" supplies the key to everything the author intends to probe. Typical is this: "the image of reversal provides us with a key to the meaning of an eschatological proclamation. For the Kingdom of God which Jesus proclaims reverses all those hopes and expectations with which his contemporaries sought its advent." The truth of the Gospel becomes the very opposite of what we traditionally have gotten out of it. Christ came to give us life, and that more abundantly? Not so, he came to bring us death. I am the light of the world, says Jesus. Not so, he is darkness come into the world. Christ rose from the dead, ascended into heaven, and is seated in glory at the right hand of the Father. Not so, ascent here means descent, and glory means humiliation. For Mr. Altizer the resurrection is the incarnation, and incarnation as he understands it is that Spirit is turned into flesh, and transcendence is turned into immanence.

Mr. Altizer's principle of dialectical "reversal" puts him in a rather neat position. It leaves no room for rebuttal in his interpretation of Christ's authentic message to mankind. Christ's proclamation of the advent of the Kingdom

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of God is apocalyptic and radical to the core, he claims, and expressions to the contrary are simply misunderstandings on the part of the New Testament authors. Quite adroitly Mr. Altizer claims that we should expect the disciples and the evangelists to reject the 'own-to-hell teaching of Jesus. This reviewer is ready to grant that the apostles were dull-witted enough to misunderstand some of the teachings of Christ even after Pentecost, as the dispute about the Law and circumcision shows. But to claim that the resurrection faith of the apostles was a gross error will, I suspect, meet with little approval among the mainline Christians of today. Mr. Altizer anticipates this and very probably would retort that Jesus would condemn the Christian churches today, as he condemned the Pharisees: "It is not moral hypocrisy or an empty faith which is the deepest obstacle to an acceptance of the advent of the Kingdom; it is rather a deep and living faith in the transcendent and primordial Creator, a faith which is a response to the transcendent form and identity of God."

Mr. Altizer turns to Buddhism to interpret for contemporary man the authentic meaning of the Kingdom of God whose advent Christ announced. Essentially it consists in this that the divine force breaks into the here and now, transcendence turns into immanence, all becomes One. In this way the alienation which man finds within himself and externally in relation to others is dissolved. This dissolution of all otherness for the sake of oneness demands, among other things, the erasing from consciousness the illusion of personal individuality.

Laudably, Mr Altizer shares contemporary concern with alienation. Yet this must be said: the outright denial of a divine Transcendent is not the correct way to solution. The Judaeo-Christian God is no alien Other. The incarnation *properly understood* proves that. That God became man without ceasing to be God taxes our faith with a tremendous mystery, to be sure; but the theologian cannot serve our contemporaries by taking the mystery out of life and out of faith.

On the opening page of the book Mr. Altizer writes that, "Theological thinking cannot create a new form of faith: it can only record its advent. . . ." It is open to serious doubt whether he correctly reads contemporary faith, or contemporary mentality, if you will. Astrology, witchcraft, spiritualism are growing in public interest. Pastors working in intimate contact with people, especially the young, witness to the fact that there is among them a great yearning for the transcendent, and that it is precisely for this reason that they are in revolt against a secular and materialistic society. Psychotherapists testify that vast numbers of people are seeking ways to get beyond themselves, that they are asking, but often not getting from the churches unfortunately, direct contact with a superhuman agency.

At a symposium on Christian secularity some time ago one of the panelists half in jest, half serious, asked where secularism was to be found outside the seminaries. Spiritual leaders and theologians have been obsessed with the idea of proving to the world that the church is *relevant* to man's everyday secular concerns. This has led to a deemphasis on the supernatural, on the "other-world" aspect of Christian teaching for the sake of presenting religion as an aid to ethical conduct of everyday life. Have these leaders been deceived in their assumption that this kind of approach would grip the attention of men and women today, whereas discourse about life after death, prayer and the presence of the Holy Spirit would not? As one has written recently, "It is beginning to appear that 'modern man' is not quite as ready as some theologians thought to reject anything he can't explain on rational grounds. On the contrary, he seems to retain an ineradicable intuition that there is more to this world than is dreamt of in materialistic philosophy and secularized religion. If churches are too timid to proclaim the reality of this transcendental dimension, they can hardly be surprised to find people turning to psychedelic drugs, mediums, seances, stargazing, sorcery, magical rites, and even such fantastic perversions of spirituality as Satan-worship." The Kingdom of God as depicted in *The Descent Into Hell* does not appear to really answer to the faith of our contemporaries.

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The Collected Essays and Occasional Writings of Katherine Anne Porter

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Delacorte Press, $12.50

JOSEPH WIESENFARTH

Through the telescope of time Katherine Anne Porter looks like an early prophet of ecology: "We may indeed reach the moon someday," she wrote in 1950, "and I dare predict that will happen before we have devised a decent system of city garbage disposal." Before the murders of the Kennedys

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and King, before the fashion of non-negotiable demands and mindless bombings—in short, before anarchy became a way of death in everyday life, Miss Porter wrote, "The savages and thugs and hoodlums have really broken loose all over the world, we have mob rule and no mistake, so much for our liberal and humane notions!"

But one does not read *The Collected Essays* for prophecy; this lady never seriously sported that hat. She is a truth-teller. She speaks of what was and what is; what will be follows as day does night. Better, then, to penetrate the darkness now with a benignly merciless eye: "first correctly diagnose the complaint—in this case human ills—and ascertain the cause: then set about finding a remedy if one exists."

Katherine Anne Porter admires Circe and St. Augustine, and both for the same reason. They reveal a truth about individuals and mankind. Circe shows, in Porter's reading of Homer, that most men want to be pigs. Augustine shows that once a person finds out the unpleasant truth about himself, he finds himself one with the rest of men—an equally unpleasant truth. "She was not really afraid of anything human," remarks the author of Sylvia Beach, "a most awe-inspiring form of courage."

Those favored in this book are those not afraid of dangerous humanity and harsh truth. Holding the truth that she has experienced to be the clue to reality, Katherine Anne Porter writes her stories and essays. It so evenly unwinds through her art and criticism that the delicately limned essay "St. Augustine and the Bullfight" reads like a short story. "I shall try to tell the truth," she tells a Paris gathering, "but the result will be fiction. I shall not be at all surprised at this result: it is what I mean to do; it is, to my way of thinking, the way fiction is made." Nothing, in consequence, is more mistaken in this collection than Donald Sutherland's liking Miss Porter's stories and disliking her criticism. In both she tells the plain truth in an astringently flexible style: "I am sorry you do not like my criticism, but that is anybody's right; it does not affect my right to say what I think."

What Katherine Anne Porter thinks is clear. "All human life since recorded time has been a struggle from confusion to confusion to more confusion." Human nature is a "snake-pit." And "human relationships are the tragic necessity of human life . . . every ego is half the time greedily seeking them, and half the time pulling away from them." Personal existence is possible only if a way to order is found. Art is one way: "Chaos *is*—we are in it. My business is to give a little shape and meaning to my share of it." Love is another way: an "unalterable belief in the first importance of individual relationships between human beings founded on the reality of love—not in the mass, not between nations, nonsense! —but between one person and another." Despair comes from tottering under one's "share of human perversity of thought and feeling." The "destiny of Man is to learn the nature of love and to seek spiritual rebirth." This is "the eternal theme of saints and poets." Therefore "only the work of saints and artists gives us any reason to believe that the human race is worth belonging to."

This vision of life implicit in Porter's fiction is explicit in this collection and runs through essays on Hardy, Lawrence, and Gertrude Stein; on Forster, Woolf, and Katherine Mansfield; on Cather, Welty, and Flannery O'Connor. It threads its way through the New England of witchcraft, the Mexico of revolution, and the Paris of Shakespeare and Company. There are, of course, essays on roses and houses, on Audubon and Redouté, on a dozen other topics and occasions that strike one as strangers straying among those more surely on their way. They show that sentimental side of Miss Porter rarely seen in her stories. Paradoxically, in their weakness, they confirm the strength of a craftsman working painstakingly and unerringly at the forge of fiction.

Those who read Katherine Anne Porter's stories will find this collection of writings a necessary complement; those interested in modern literature will match wits with the critical intelligence of a contemporary. The conservative will find Cotton Mather; the liberal, Lizardi. Most will savor a prose style of classic distinction; some, the hostile, will encounter an eighty-year-old campaigner eager for battle: "I find it exhilarating, probably because I know that nothing, nobody can harm me, or take away what I have." What she knows she has is her lasting contribution to the eternally human phenomenon of art: "the arts do live continuously, and they live literally by faith; their names and their shapes and their uses and their basic meanings survive unchanged in all that matters through times of interruption, diminishment, neglect; they outlive governments and

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creeds and the societies, even the very civilizations that produced them. They cannot be destroyed altogether because they represent the substance of faith and the only reality. They are what we find again when the ruins are cleared away."

EXCHANGE

(*Continued from page 379*)

repression is completely out of keeping with the magnificent Brazilian tradition of respect for human dignity and of non-violence even in political crisis. I can only hope for an early restoration of that tradition and its spread elsewhere in Latin America, not excluding Cuba.

LINCOLN GORDON
President,
The Johns Hopkins University

REPLY

1. Dr. Gordon assures us that he would have condemned torture had he only known about it. "During the period before mid-1967," he writes, "no cases of torture were brought to my attention."

In the six months immediately following the military coup of 1 April 1964, the public record alone fully documented about two dozen cases of torture. Among the victims were a Roman Catholic priest, university student leaders, peasant and trade-union militants. Some were Marxists, others Communists; many were practicing Roman Catholics.

Rio de Janeiro's opposition newspapers, the *Correio de Manha* and *Última Hora,* began to denounce torture and other military acts of terrorism as early as one week after the military coup. So, too, did the pro-government daily, *Jornal do Brasil,* after one of its reporters was beaten in Pernambuco state.

Neither Communists nor Marxists led the press crusade against torture. Among the dozen intellectuals and writers who did were: Alceu Amoroso Lima, Brazilian Catholicism's "Jacques Maritain," and Márcio Moreira Alves, journalist and congressman, whose articles about torture appeared repeatedly during 1964.

By September 1964, the public outcry against torture proved such a scandal to the regime that President-General H. Castello Branco had to dispatch his highest military aide to Pernambuco to conduct an official investigation of mounting charges of torture. Of course, the aide's report was a whitewash. But the public wasn't fooled. In early December, a leading (conservative) political pundit publicly urged that the International Red Cross impartially examine new charges stemming from the regime's recent deposition of the governor and other elected officials of Goiás State.

It is inconceivable that these public and official reports did not reach the ambassador or his staff. On what basis then *did* the Rio Embassy formulate U.S. policy in respect to torture, to say nothing of the decisions that led to monumental increases in U.S. aid to Brazil in 1964, 1965 and 1966?

2. Dr. Gordon now regrets his failure to halt the systematic reversal since 1964 of "the magnificent Brazilian tradition of respect for human dignity and of non-violence. . ."

Let us ask, however, what steps the ambassador actually took to sustain that "magnificent tradition" during his stewardship.

A) On 9 April 1964, the ruling military junta decreed the first Institutional Act (IA1) which deprived about 150 persons of their political rights for ten years (rights to vote, run for office and hold office) and revoked the mandates (cassacáo) of elected officials. These were not just "any" 150 citizens, but included two former Presidents, leading intellectuals (such as the noted economist, Celso Furtado, whom Yale subsequently hired), and about 50 congressmen, half of whom (according to Dr. Gordon's February 1966 testimony before the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee) were neither Communists, nor reformers, but admittedly "dubious cases."

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In his letter, Dr. Gordon now qualifies IA1 as a "monstrous departure from basic democratic principle." Yet less than a month after its decree—on 5 May 1964—Dr. Gordon described the military coup (before the Brazilian National War College) as one of the "four developments during the previous year encouraging the cause of freedom in the world."* More pertinent, however, is that his public utterance—of momentous importance to the legitimation of the military takeover—contained *not a single word of criticism.*

B) In his letter, Dr. Gordon fails to clarify that the abrogation of political rights and electoral mandates of additional citizens continued under Castello Branco as late as four months after the empowering provision of IA1 *had already expired*, while other equally unconstitutional provisions of IA1 remained in force for 90 days, 6 months and 8 months. Thus, the impression Dr. Gordon has conveyed of a return to "normalcy" during the period from June 1964 until October 1965 is patently incorrect.

Moreover, by abruptly ending his review of events in October 1965 and then referring (in the next sentence) to the purges after December 1968, Dr. Gordon may have inadvertently suggested to some readers that his remaining months as ambassador were uneventful. The contrary is true.

In October 1965, the military's handpicked candidates were resoundingly defeated in four important gubernatorial races. In retaliation, the regime decreed the second Institutional Act. IA2 not only renewed the arbitrary power to abrogate political rights and electoral mandates, but also abolished *all existing political parties.*

Four months later, Dr. Gordon so spiritedly defended the accomplishments of the regime before the U.S. Senate, that Senator Wayne Morse openly reproached Dr. Gordon for "window-dressing" the deteriorating political crisis.

C) From early 1966 until mid-1967, Dr. Gordon held the responsible post of Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. During this period, the regime abrogated, in six separate purges, the political rights and electoral mandates of another 149; a government party was established whose members were required (by the decree of 19 July 1966) to vote for government proposals or face expulsion and loss of mandate; indirect elections, applied earlier to the presidency, were now also made obligatory at the state level.

What steps were taken to enhance Brazil's "magnificent tradition of respect for human dignity" during this period? Combined U.S. military and economic aid more than doubled from $152.3 million in 1963 to $367.6 in 1966.

3. Some final remarks:

The first concerns Dr. Gordon's pledge that he "would have" condemned torture prior to mid-year 1967 (had he known about it) and the possible impression he creates that he just may have done so two years later. But the protest of American academicians in 1969 was directed chiefly against the arbitrary "retirement" of Brazilian university professors. It certainly did not refer to torture which, frankly speaking, Dr. Gordon has not yet condemned straightforwardly.

There is no space to discuss the question of Goulart's *intentions* and Brazil's situation in 1964. But, even if we accept unquestioningly Dr. Gordon's view of it, we can have no doubt about his own choice in the matter: in order to avoid a left-wing dictatorship, he urged (*and continued to urge*) moral and material support of a right-wing dictatorship. When that regime followed the course of repression and terror right-wing regimes are wont to follow, Dr. Gordon expresses shock; regrets his helplessness before the trend of events; assigns culpability to the failures of a deceased leader of the Brazilian military; and disclaims all personal responsibility for the regrettable outcome. If, for a moment, Brazil were Cuba and the American ambassador's role there were played by a Russian, foreign policy-makers of Dr. Gordon's persuasion would probably have spared not a word of outrage, indignation and condemnation of complicity. Dr. Gordon's letter should be read as a model of what ails U.S. foreign policy. RALPH DELLA CAVA

*The full text of the remark I attributed to Dr. Gordon is as follows: "Of the military coup's significance Lincoln Gordon, U.S. ambassador to Brazil, says 'Future historians may well record the Brazilian revolution as the single most decisive victory for freedom in the mid-20th century.' "

It was apparently made in a private interview to the respected Senior Editor of the Reader's Digest, Clarence W. Hall, who quoted it in his article in that magazine, entitled "The Country That Saved Itself" (November 1964), pp. 135-158, see p. 137.

Obviously, the spirit of this remark and that of Dr. Gordon's speech before the War College are identical.

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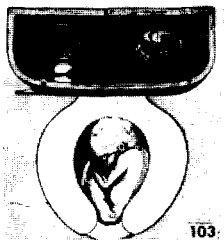

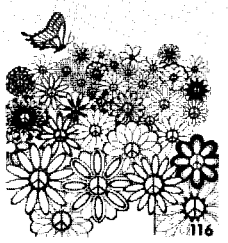

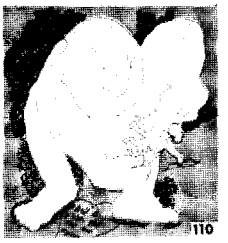

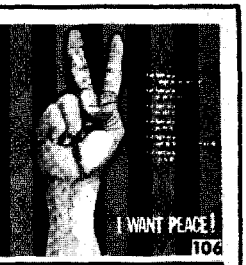

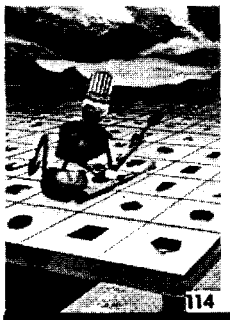

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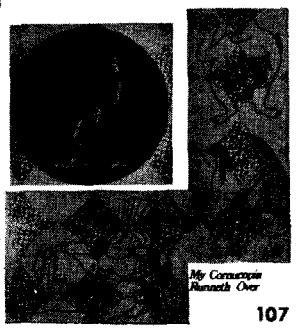

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so long as we recognize the institution of war as
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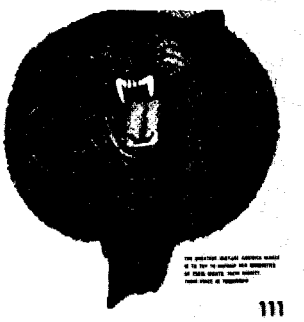

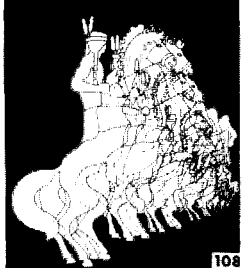

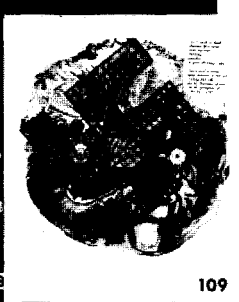

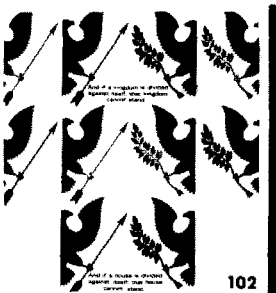

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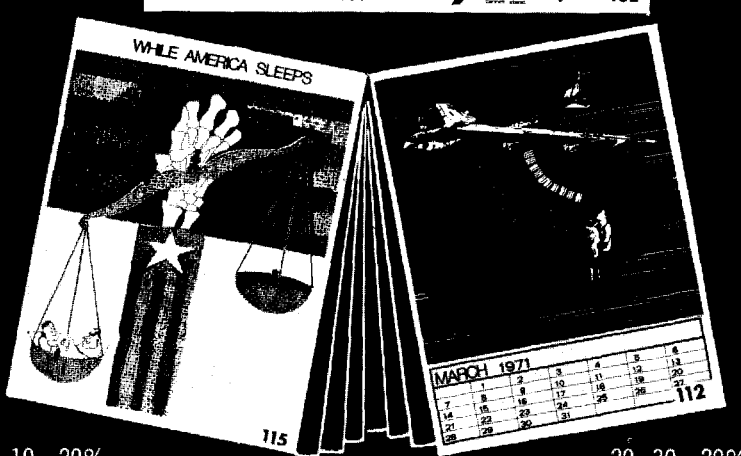

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